

Pain, People, The People

Can't for the life of me think of what to do or say.
Can't for the life of me think of what to do.
From time to time I think I might be Jesse James.
Laws aren't made for me and you.
And if you peel back my skin
You'll probably see a whole gang in there
Of people, mainly thieves and freaks
A liar and a scary man,
Who easily disembark whenever they please.
I think I'll stick to what I know and dig myself into this hole.
It's not so bad if you don't mind the heat.
Can't for the life of me think of what to do or say.
Can't for the life of me think of what to do.
From time to time I think I might be the Invisible Man.
Without a shadow or cool hairdo.
And if you peel back my skin you'll probably see
No one's in there that's not been hassled by some fools
Who fear their numbers though they're few.
I think I'll sit and let their notions brew.
I think I'll stick to what I know and dig myself into this hole.
Even superheroes once were losers.
When they leap they run around and subjugate all those who keep them down.
They put on funny masks and dance around in the dirt and broken glass.
They're getting stronger still despite the times
That they're kept under heel.
They'll never go away.